

1824 ✓
Friendship A-la-Mode.

A
C O M E D Y
O F
T W O A C T S.

ALTERED FROM

Sir JOHN VANBRUGH.

False Friend.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE in SMOCK-ALLEY.

Anonymous.

D U B L I N :

Printed by and for Messrs. ADAMS and RYDER,
in Cope-Street.

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1841-1842

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C. Q. M. E. D. Y.

1841



S. T. C.

PRINTED FROM

ST. JOHN'S LANE

As it is printed at the

THE ATRE IN SMOCK-ALLEY.

D. V. B. I. W.

Printed by and for Messrs. Adams and Parry
in Great Britain

And by P. Williams in Dublin
and by J. G. Smith in New York



Dramatis Personæ.

Sir JOHN BELFORD,	Mr. MOSSOP.
ROVER,	Mr. WILDER.
Sir POSITIVE SHARP,	Mr. EDWIN.
LOVEWELL,	Mr. JEFFERYS.
PICKLE, Servant to ROVER,	Mr. RYDER.
GUZZLE, Servant to } LOVEWELL,	Mr. PEARSON,
LEONORA, Daughter to } Sir POSITIVE,	Mrs. JEFFERYS.
MARIA, Sister to LOVE- } WELL,	Miss HERN.
LUCY, Woman to LEO- } NORA,	Mrs GLOVER.

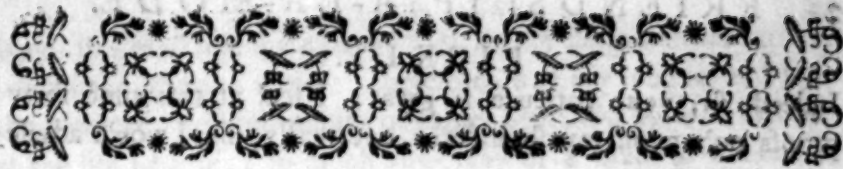
S C E N E, L O N D O N.



Dramatis Personae.

Mr. Mossop	Sir John Belton,
Mr. Wilder	Rover,
Mr. Edwin	Sir Positive Guard,
Mr. Jefferys	Lovewell,
	Picker, servant to Rover, Mr. Ryder.
Mr. Pearson	Curlew, servant to Lovewell,
Mr. Jefferys	Leonora, daughter to Sir Positive,
Miss Heron	Maria, sister to Lovewell,
Mr. Glover	Lucky, woman to Leo- Nora,

SCENE, London.



Friendship A-la-Mode.

ACT I. SCENE I.

ROVER's Lodgings.

Enter ROVER beating PICKLE.

PICKLE.

HOLD, fir, hold; there's enough in all conscience. I am reasonable; I ask no more; I'm content.

ROVER.

Then there's double content, you dog (*Strikes him*) and a brace of contents more into the bargain. (*Strikes him again and again*) Now isn't well?

PICKLE.

O mighty well, fir, you'll never mend it; pray leave it as it is.

ROVER.

Look you, you jackanapes, if ever I hear an offer at your impertinent advice again—

PICKLE.

And why, fir, wou'd you stifle the most useful of my qualifications?

ROVER.

Either, sirrah, I pass for a very great blockhead with you, or you are pleas'd to reckon much upon my patience.

B

PICKLE.

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PICKLE.

Indeed, fir, your patience is great; I feel at this time forty proofs on't upon my shoulders: but really, fir, I wou'd advise you to——

ROVER.

Again! I can bear thee no longer. Here, pen and ink, I'll give thee thy discharge. Did I take you for a valet, or a privy-counsellor, fir?

PICKLE.

I confefs, fir, you took me but for an humble employment; but my intention was agreeably to surprize you with some superior gifts of nature, to your faithful servant. I profess, my noble master, a most perfect knowledge of men and manners. Your's, gracious fir, (with all respect I speak it) are not irreprehensible, and, I'm afraid, in time, fir, they'll riggle you into some ill-favour'd affair, whence, with all my understanding, I shall be puzzled to bring you off.

ROVER.

Very well, fir.

PICKLE.

And therefore, fir, it is, that I (poor Pickle as I am) sometimes take leave to moralize,

ROVER.

Go, go, moralize in the street, march.

PICKLE.

Is the sentence definitive?

ROVER.

Positive.

PICKLE.

O then, fir, if you please, pray let us come to accompt, and see what wages are due to me.

ROVER.

Wages! refund what you have had from me.

PICKLE.

Kicks, blows, and all, fir?—with all my heart.

ROVER.

No, firrah, you have been sufficiently paid by the plague you have given me.

PICKLE

FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE. 3

PICKLE.

Nay, if I must lose my money, then let me claim another right ; losers have leave to speak : therefore, wag my tongue, and say thy pleasure ; tell this master of mine, he shou'd die with shame at the life he leads ; so much unworthy of a man of honour ; tell him——

ROVER

I'll hear no more, sirrah.

PICKLE

Indeed you shall, sir.

ROVER.

Here take thy money, rascal, and be gone.

PICKLE.

Counters all ; adieu, you glistering spangles of the world ; farewell, ye tempters of the great ; not me. Tell him, he's worse among the women, than a ferret among the rabbits ; at one and all, from the princess to the tripe woman ; handsome, ugly, old women, and children, all go down,

ROVER.

Very well.

PICKLE

'Tis true, sir ; and so are the stories you tell them to bring them to your matters. The handsome, she's all divinity to be sure ; the ugly, she's so agreeable, were it not for her virtue, she'd be overrun with lovers ; the light, airy flip-flap, kills him with her motions ; the dull, heavy-tail'd maukin, melts him down with her modesty ; the scragged, lean, pale face, has a shape for destruction ; the fat, overgrown sow, has an air of importance ; the tall, awkward trapes, with her majesty, wounds ; the trundle-tail, shoots a *Je-ne-scai-quoi* : in a word, they have all something for him—and he has something for them all.

ROVER.

And thus, you fool, by a general attack, I keep my heart my own ; intrigue with them that like me, and not care six-pence for them that don't.

PICKLE.

Well said, well said ; a pretty amusement truly ! but, sir, when you pursue a poor woman, only to make her lover jealous, what pleasure can you take in that ?

B 2

ROVER.

4 FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE.

ROVER.

Why, firrah, do you think there's no pleasure in spoiling their sport, when I can't make my own?

PICKLE.

O! to a good natur'd man, to be sure there must; but suppose, instead of sending and proving with his mistress, he shou'd come to—a—parrying, and thrusting with you; what becomes of your joy then, fir?

ROVER.

Why, do you think I am afraid to fight, rascal.

PICKLE.

I know, fir, you have often fought upon these occasions.

ROVER.

Therefore that has been no stop to my pleasures.

PICKLE.

But you have never been kill'd once, fir; and when that happens, you will for ever lose the pleasure of——

ROVER.

Breaking your head, you rascal (*Striking him*) which will afflict me heartily. [*Knocking.*] See who knocks so hard.

PICKLE.

Somebody that thinks I can hear no better, than you think I can feel. (*Exit, and re-enter with Sir Positive.*)

ROVER.

Sir Positive! do I see you in my poor dwelling! Pray to what lucky accident do I owe this honour?

Sir POSITIVE

That I may speak to you without constraint, you will oblige me if you send away your servant.

PICKLE.

What the pox have I done to him that he is so uneasy at my company? (*Aside*)

ROVER.

Give us chairs, and leave the room.

Sir POSITIVE.

Won't you retire, friend?

ROVER.

Be gone, firrah.

PICKLE.

FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE. 5

PICKLE.

(*Aside*) Pox take you—you old prig you : But I shall be even with you, for I'll listen. [Exit.

Sir POSITIVE.

You know me, fir ?

ROVER.

I do, fir.

Sir POSITIVE.

That I call my myself——

ROVER.

Sir Positive Sharp.

Sir POSITIVE.

That I am of as good a family ——

ROVER.

As any in England.

Sir POSITIVE.

That my estate is——

ROVER.

Great.

Sir POSITIVE.

And you are not ignorant that heaven, for the consolation of my grey hairs, has given me an only daughter, who is not deform'd.

ROVER.

Beauteous as light.

Sir POSITIVE.

Well shap'd, witty, and endow'd with——

ROVER.

All the good qualities of mind and body.

Sir POSITIVE.

Since you are satisfied with all this, hearken, I pray, with attention, to the business that brings me hither.

ROVER.

I shall.

Sir POSITIVE.

I have thought it my duty to acquaint you, that I have seen your designs upon my daughter ; you give the public a subject for disadvantageous discourse ; and tho', in reality, Leonora's virtue receives no prejudice by it ; yet, by your continually serenading her every night, her reputation daily runs some risque. My
years

6 FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE.

years have taught me to judge right of things ; and yet I have not been able to decide what your end can be ; you can't regard my daughter on a foot of gallantry, you know her virtue, and my birth too well ; and for a wife you seem to have no thought, since you have yet made no demand to me : what then is your intention ? you have heard perhaps that I have hearken'd to a gentleman of Yorkshire, a man of merit ; I own I have, and I expect him daily here : But Mr. Rover, if 'tis that which hinders you from declaring in form (as I am well acquainted with your birth and fortune) I'll ease you of a great deal of trouble, which the customs of the world impose upon these occasions, and, in a word, I'll break with him, and give you Leonora.

PICKLE listening.

Good.

[*Aside.*

Sir POSITIVE.

You seem disorder'd ! what is't that troubles you ?

ROVER.

That I have been such a sot, old gentleman, to hear you with so much patience. (*Rising*)

Sir POSITIVE.

How, sir ! I am more astonished with your answer, than I was with your silence.

ROVER.

Astonished ! why ha'n't you talk'd to me of marriage ? he asks me to marry, and wonders what I complain of !

Sir POSITIVE.

'Tis well——'tis well, Mr. Rover, the outrage is violent ! you insult me in your own house. But know, sir——(*Rising*)

ROVER.

But know, sir, there needs no quarrel, if you please, sir : I like your daughter very well ; but for marrying her——*Servant*.

Sir POSITIVE.

Mr. Lovemore has not less merit than you, sir.

ROVER.

Agreed ; what then ?

Sir POSITIVE.

And yet I have refus'd him my daughter.

ROVER.

FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE. 7

ROVER.

Why then, you have us'd him better than you have done me, which I take very unkindly.

Sir POSITIVE.

How have I us'd you, fir—

ROVER.

Us'd me, fir! you have us'd me very ill, to come into my own house to seduce me.

Sir POSITIVE.

You talk very extravagantly.

ROVER.

Your behaviour demands it.

Sir POSITIVE.

Am I then to have no other answer?

ROVER.

Methinks, you have enough in all conscience.

Sir POSITIVE.

Promise me at least you'll cease to love my daughter.

ROVER.

I won't affront your family so far neither.

PICKLE.

'Egad my master shines.

(*Aside.*)

Sir POSITIVE.

Know, fir, I can bear no more; and, if I find you continue to importune Leonora, I shall find a way to satisfy my offended honour, and punish your presumption.

ROVER.

You shall do what you please with me, provided you don't marry me.

Sir POSITIVE.

You know, Mr. Rover, there are ways to revenge such outrageous affronts as these.

ROVER.

(*Sings*) "With her I'll play, and kiss, and toy,—"

"But damme if I marry."

Sir POSITIVE.

'Tis very well, fir.

(*Exit in a passion.*)

Re-enter

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(Re-enter PICKLE)

PICKLE.

So; the old fellow's gone at last, and has carry'd great content with him.

ROVER.

Pickle.

PICKLE.

Sir.

ROVER.

What dost think?—He wou'd have married me.

PICKLE.

Yes, he thought he had found his man, but you have been even with him.

ROVER.

What, thou hast heard us then?

PICKLE.

Or I were no servant. But pray what do you intend to do now? Will you continue the siege of a place, where 'tis probable they will daily augment the fortifications, when there are so many open towns you may march into without the trouble of opening the trenches?

ROVER.

I am going, Pickle, to double my attacks. I'll beat up her quarters six times a night. I am now downright in love. The difficulties pique me to the attempt, and I'll conquer or die.

PICKLE.

Why, to confess the truth, sir, I find you much upon my taste in this matter. I never valued an easy conquest in my life. To rouse my fire, the lady must cry out (as softly as she can) have a care, my dear, my mother has seen us; my brothers suspect me; my husband may surprize us; oh dear heart, have a care I pray: Then I play the devil. But when I come to a fair-one, where I may hang up my hat on a peg, get into my gown and slippers—

ROVER.

Impudent rogue.

(*Aside.*)

PICKLE.

See her stretch'd upon the couch in great security, with—my dear, come kiss me, we have nothing to fear. I droop, I yawn, I sleep.

ROVER

FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE. 19

ROVER.

Well, fir, whatever you do with your fair one, I am going to be very busy with mine: I was e'en almost weary of her; but this old fellow has reviv'd my dying fire; and so have at her.

PICKLE.

'Tis all mighty well, fir, mighty well, as can be in the world; But if you'd have the goodness to consider now and then, about swords, and daggers, and pistols, and great guns, and such like baubles; only now and then at leisure, fir, not to interrupt things of more consequence.

ROVER.

You're at your advice again, you dog. Thou art a cowardly rascal, I have often consider'd that.

PICKLE.

Ay, that's true, fir; and yet a blunderbuss is presently discharg'd out of a garret window.

ROVER.

Come, no more words, but follow me. How now! what impertinence have we here now to stop me?

Enter Sir JOHN BELFORD.

PICKLE.

My master's friend, or I am a dog. *(Aside.)*

ROVER.

Sir John Belford return'd!

BELFORD.

'Tis I, my dearest friend. I am come to forget all the miseries of a long absence in one happy embrace. *[They embrace.]*

ROVER.

I am overjoy'd to see you.

BELFORD.

Mine's not to be express'd.—What, friend Pickle here still! How dost do Pickle? What dost not know me?

PICKLE.

As well as my father's seal, fir, when he sends me a bill of exchange.

BELFORD.

Just as he was, I find, Pickle still.

PICKLE.

I find it very unwholesome to be otherwise, fir.

C

ROVER.

10 FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE.

ROVER.

You have quitted the service in Germany I suppose?

BELFORD.

Yes. I have left the ensigns of Mars, and am lifting myself into a softer militia.

ROVER.

Explain, pray.

BELFORD.

Why, when your father's death oblig'd you to leave Brussels, and return hither to the plentiful fortune he left you, I staid in in Flanders, and past three years in the trade of war. About two months since, my father wrote to me from York, that he was going to marry me very advantageously at London. He sent me the picture of the lady, and I was so well pleas'd with it, that I immediately got leave of absence, and embark'd at Helvoetsluys. I had a quick passage to Harwich, from whence I am come hither with all the speed I cou'd. I have been two days in town, but I have lain *incognita*, that I might inform myself of the lady's conduct I am to marry; and I have discover'd, that she's below'd by two gentlemen of birth and merit; but, tho' they have both given repeated proofs of a violent passion, I have found that the lady, out of modesty or prudence, has shewn a perfect indifference to them. Her fortune is considerable, her birth equal to my own, her manners irreproachable, and her beauty so great, that nothing but my love can equal it.

ROVER.

I have hearken'd to you, Belford, with a great deal of attention, and have a mighty joy in seeing you; but the devil fetch me, it makes my heart bleed to hear you are going to be married. Are we not to know the name of the lady that is destin'd for my friend.

BELFORD.

You'll know it presently; I'm going to carry you to her house.

ROVER.

You shall tell me at least who are her two lovers.

BELFORD.

One, they cou'd not tell me his name, t'other is—but before we talk any more of these affairs, can you let me dispose of Pickle 'till the return of a servant I sent three days ago to—

ROVER.

FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE. 11

ROVER.

Carry news of you to papa, I suppose.

BELFORD.

You are right. I have not seen him these six years.

ROVER.

Pickle, do you wait upon Mr. Belford.

PICKLE.

With all my heart. It's at least a suspension of boxes o' th' ear, and kicks on the backside.

BELFORD.

Then honest Pickle, with your master's leave, go to the bull and gate, and see if my servant's return'd; I'll be there immediately to charge thee with a commission of more importance.

PICKLE.

I shall perform your orders, sir, both to your satisfaction, and my own reputation. [Exit.]

ROVER.

Very quaint. Well, old acquaintance, you are going to be married? 'tis resolv'd, ha?

BELFORD.

So says my star.

ROVER.

The foolishlest star that has said any thing this great while.

BELFORD.

Still the same I see! or, more than ever resolv'd, to love nothing.

ROVER.

Love nothing! why I am in love at this very time.

BELFORD.

With what?

ROVER.

With a woman;

BELFORD.

Impossible!

ROVER.

True.

BELFORD.

And how came you in love with her?

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ROVER.

Why I was order'd not to be in love with her.

BELFORD.

Then there's more humour than love in't.

ROVER.

There shall be what you please in't. But I shan't quit the gentlewoman 'till I have convinc'd her there's something in't.

BELFORD.

Mayn't I know her name?

ROVER.

When you have let me into your conjugal affections.

BELFORD.

Pray, stay here, but 'till I have sent Pickle to my father-in-law; I'll come back, and carry you with me in a moment.

ROVER.

I'll expect you.

BELFORD.

Adieu, dear friend; may I in earnest see you quickly in love,

[Exit. Belford.]

ROVER.

May I without a jest see you quickly a widower. (*Solus*) he comes he says to marry a woman of quality that has two lovers.—If it shou'd be Leonora—But why she?—There are many, I hope, in that condition in London—I'm a little embarrass'd about it however. Egad if it should be so, the consideration will turn upon love and friendship.—I cannot wrong my friend.—I cannot quit my love.—Let me see—To wrong my friend were base—But then my passion for Leonora—Ah! I fear that is stronger than the bond of friendship.—All that I can at present determine is, that if the devil shou'd throw the temptation in my way, I am afraid I shall not have resolution or virtue enough to withstand it.

Friendship, take heed;—if woman interfere,
Be sure the hour of thy destruction's near.

[Exit.]

SCENE

FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE. 13

S C E N E

Changes to Sir POSITIVE's house. A chamber.

Enter LEONORA, MARIA, and LUCY,

LEONORA.

Dear Maria, how I am plagued with this troublesome man: I can go to no place, but I am sure to meet the fellow. Lucy, have you shut the outward gates?

LUCY.

I have, madam.

LEONORA.

Shut the window too? we shall have him get in there by and by.

MARIA.

What's this you are in such apprehensions of pray?

LEONORA.

Nothing worth naming.

MARIA.

You dissemble; something of love in the case, I'll warrant you.

LEONORA.

The reverse on't: 'tis aversion. My impertinent star has furnish'd me with a lover who persecutes me to distraction; I affront him fifty times a day; which he receives with a bow down to the ground: in short, all I can do is doing nothing at all; he still persists in loving me, as much as I hate him.

MARIA.

Have a care he don't get the better on't for all that.

LEONORA.

Oh! Maria! I am the most wretched woman living. My father every moment expects a gentleman from Germany, to whom he has resolv'd to marry me. But neither duty, prudence, danger, or resolution, can drive your brother from my heart.

Enter LUCY

LUCY.

O! ma'am! here's Mr. Lovewell; he begs so passionately to come in, sure you can't refuse him.

LEO.

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LEONORA.

Heavens! does he consider to what he exposes me?

LUCY.

Madam, he considers nothing; if he did, I'd say he was a very impudent fellow to pretend to be in love with you.

LEONORA.

Shall I venture, Maria?

MARIA.

You know best.

LUCY.

Marry, methinks, he knows best of us all, for here he comes.

Enter LOVEWELL.

LOVEWELL.

Forgive me, Leonora, 'tis the last time perhaps that I may beg your pity.

LEONORA.

Alas! Lovewell!

LUCY.

(Looking out) O! heavens! madam——

LEONORA.

What's the matter?

LUCY.

You're undone, here's your father,

MARIA.

What an unlucky accident!

LEONORA.

Has he seen Mr. Lovewell?

LUCY.

Nay the *deux* knows.

MARIA.

Where shall he hide himself?

LUCY.

In the moon, if he can get thither.

Enter Sir POSITIVE SHARP.

LOVEWELL.

I must e'en stand it now.

Sir POSITIVE.

Good news, my daughter, good news; I come to acquaint you, that——How now? what's the meaning of this! Mr. Lovewell in my daughter's chamber?

LOVEWELL.

FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE. 15

LOVEWELL.

I see your surprize, fir ; but you need not be disturb'd ; 'twas some sudden business with my sister brought me here.

Sir POSITIVE.

Very well, fir : I'm glad to find you here ; you shall be a witness that I know how to preserve the honour of my family.

LOVEWELL.

What mean you, fir ?

Sir POSITIVE.

To marry Leonora this moment. You shall have nothing left to ask of me.

LOVEWELL.

Is't possible ? O heavens, what joy I feel !

Sir POSITIVE.

Leonora prepare your hand and heart.

LEONORA.

They both are ready, fir ; and in giving me the man I love, you charge me with a debt of gratitude, can never be repay'd.

LOVEWELL.

(*Kneeling*) Upon my knees, I thank the best of men, for blessing me with all that's good in woman.

Sir POSITIVE.

O ! fir ! (*Leering*) You're welcome, fir, your welcome. Get up.

MARIA.

How well that kind and gentle look becomes him.

LUCY.

Now, methinks, he looks like an old rogue ! I don't like his looks.

(*Aside*)

Enter PICKLE.

PICKLE.

To all whom it may concern, greeting. My master, Sir John Belford, acknowledging himself most unworthy of the honour intended him in the person of the fair Leonora, addresses himself by me, Jeffery Pickle, his small ambassador, to the generosity of Sir Positive Sharp, for leave to walk in, and take possession of the premises.

Sir POSITIVE.

Ha, ha, ha ! a comical dog this ! I have given orders for his admittance.

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LOVEWELL.

What do I hear?

LEONORA.

Support me.

(Faints in Maria's arms.)

Sir POSITIVE.

Bring in Sir John.

LUCY.

Look up, madam, for heaven's sake ; since you must marry the fellow, make the best on't.

LEONORA.

(Recovering) What shall I do!

Enter Sir John BELFORD and ROVER.

LUCY.

(To Leonora) Come, come, cheer up ; here he comes. By my troth a very pretty fellow : he'll set all to rights by to-morrow morning, I'll answer for him.

Sir POSITIVE.

Sir John, you are welcome : let me embrace you.

Sir JOHN.

How shall I thank you, Sir Positive, for this inestimable present. (To Leonora) Your picture, madam, made what impression art cou'd stamp, but nature has done more.

Sir POSITIVE.

Come, son (for I am in haste to call you so.) What's this I see ! Mr. Rover here ! who brought him within my doors.

BELFORD.

'Twas I, sir.

Sir POSITIVE.

But do you know, that he——

BELFORD.

Sir, he's the best of my friends

Sir POSITIVE.

But do you know that he wou'd——

BELFORD.

Prevent this marriage ; 'tis true.

Sir POSITIVE.

Yes, because he design'd——

BELFORD.

I know his design, 'tis to hinder all his friends from marrying ; pray forgive him.

Sir

FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE. 217

Sir POSITIVE.

Then to prevent for ever his designs here—Come hither, Leonora, and give this gentleman your hand.

LOVEWELL.

O my heart.

ROVER.

Keep down my kindling jealousy

BELFORD.

Why this backwardness, madam? pray give me your hand.

Sir POSITIVE.

Are you distracted? give him your hand *(Aside to Leonora,*

LEONORA.

Mr. Lovemore, I am your's.

(Sighing, and giving carelessly her hand,

LOVEWELL.

(Turning) Madam!

Sir POSITIVE.

(Aside) What a fatal slip!

LEONORA.

'Twas not to you I spoke, sir.

BELFORD.

But him it was she nam'd, and thought on too, I fear. I'm much alarm'd.

Sir POSITIVE.

(Aside to Leonora) Repair what you have done, and look more chearful on him, or I'll turn you out of doors, you blundering baggage

LEONORA.

Repair what you have done, and kill me.

LUCY.

(Aside) A very hum-drum marriage this.

LOVEWELL.

(To Maria) Pray, sister, let's retire; for I can bear this fight no longer.

MARIA.

(To Leonora) My dear, farewell, I pity you indeed.

[Exeunt Maria and Lovewell.]

D

LEO-

18 FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE.

LEONORA.

I am, indeed, an object of your pity.

Sir POSITIVE.

Come, daughter, come my son. Old crape-canonical, waits to tie this happy knot ; son, let's to the parson.

BELFORD.

I'll wait on you Sir Positive.

(Exit Sir Positive, leading Leonora.)

BELFORD.

To name another man in giving me her hand.

ROVER.

The bridegroom's thoughtful. The lady's trip has furnish'd him with some matrimonial reflections : they'll agree with him at this time perhaps better than my company. I'll leave him. Adieu, my friend, we shall meet again at night.

BELFORD.

Pray stay : I have need of a friend's counsel.

ROVER.

What already.

BELFORD.

Already !

ROVER.

That's to say ; you have already enough of matrimony.

BELFORD.

I scarce know what I have, nor am I sure of what I am.

Enter PICKLE.

PICKLE.

An't please your honour, yonder's your man James just arriv'd ; his horse and he so tir'd of one another, that they both came down upon the pavement at the stable-door.

BELFORD.

(To Rover) He brings news from my father.

PICKLE.

I believe he does, and hasty news too ; but if you stay till he brings it hither, I believe it will come but slowly. But here's his packet ; I suppose that will do as well as his company.

(Gives a Letter.)

BELFORD.

(Reads to himself) My dear friend, here's ill news.

ROVER.

FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE. 19

ROVER.

What's the matter ?

BELFORD.

My poor old father is dying.

ROVER.

I am mighty sorry for't ; 'tis a weighty stroke I must confess ; the burthen of his estate will almost bear you down ; but we must submit to heaven's good will.

BELFORD.

You talk, Rover, like a perfect stranger to that tenderness me-thinks every son shou'd feel for a good father. For my part, I have receiv'd such repeated proofs of an uncommon affection for mine, that the loss of a mistress cou'd scarce touch me nearer. You'll believe me, when you see me leave Leonora a virgin 'till I have seen the good old man.

ROVER.

That will be a proof indeed.

BELFORD.

But before I go, a word or two with you alone. Pickle, wait without. (*Exit Pickle*) You see, my dearest friend, I am engag'd with Leonora ; I shall go directly and seal the eternal contract. That done, I'll take post to see my father, if I can, before he dies. I leave then here a young and beauteous bride ; but that which touches every string of thought, I fear I leave her wishing I was Lovewell ; if it be so, no doubt he knows it well ; and he that knows he's lov'd by Leonora, can let no fair occasion pass to gain her. My absence is his friend, but you are mine, and so the danger's balanc'd : Into your hands my dear, my faithful Rover, I put my honour, I put my life ; for both depend on Leonora's truth. Observe her lover, and neglect not her. You are wise, active, brave, and true : You have all the qualities that man shou'd have for such a trust ; and I am sure, will as you ought, discharge it.

ROVER.

A very hopeful business you'd have me undertake : Keep a woman honest ! ha, ha. But however, as far as I can serve you in hindering Lovewell's approaches, you may command me.

BELFORD.

That's all I ask.

D 2

ROVER.

20 FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE.

ROVER.

Then all you ask is granted.

BELFORD.

I thank you. Farewel my best of friends.

ROVER.

Farewel. Heaven bring you safe to us again. (*Exit Belford,*

ROVER *solus.*

Yes, I shall observe her, doubt it not. I wish nobody may observe me, for I find I am no more master of myself: something must be done —! what—let love direct, for I have nothing else to guide me.

Enter PICKLE.

PICKLE.

Sir John Belford is mounting for his journey, and leaves a young, liquorish huffy, with a wat'ry mouth, behind him; if she falls handsomely in my master's way, let her look to her—ah!—umph! there he is thinking—that's new—and if any good come's on't, that will be newer still. (*Aside,*

ROVER.

(*Aside*) How! abuse the trust a friend reposes in me? and, while he thinks me waking for his peace, employ the stretch of thought to make him wretched. Belford wou'd never have done this by me—How do I know that?—why—he swore he was my friend—Well; and I swore I was his—why then if I find I can break my oath, why shou'd not I conclude he wou'd do as much by his.

PICKLE.

(*Aside*) His countenance begins to clear up: I suppose things may be drawing to a conclusion.

ROVER.

(*Aside*) Ay, 'tis just so; and I don't believe he wou'd have debated the matter half so long as I have done. — O! are you there, sir?

(*Seeing Pickle.*

PICKLE.

I think so, Sir; I won't be positive in any thing.

ROVER.

Follow me: I have some business to employ you in what you'll like.

(*Exit Rover.*

PICKLE

FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE, 21

PICKLE *solus.*

I won't be positive in that neither. I guess what you are about — there's roguery a-foot — This is at Leonora, who I know hates him — nothing under a rape will do — he'll be hang'd — then what becomes of thee, my little Pickle? — Why, the honour to a dingle, dangle by him, which he'll have the good nature to be mighty sorry for; and I shall be damn'd sorry too — but I may chance to be beforehand with him, if we are not taken in the fact, they'll perhaps do him the honour to offer a reward for taking him, which, if they do, I shall go near to follow his example, secure my pardon, get the reward, and hang him up for the good of his country. — Egad I think I have settled it very well, and so, my dear master Rover, stand clear. *Exit.*

SCENE Continues.

Enter Sir POSITIVE, BELFORD, LEONORA, and LUCY.

Sir POSITIVE.

How son! oblig'd to leave us immediately, say you?

BELFORD.

My ill fortune, sir, will have it so.

LEONORA.

What can it be?

(*Aside.*)

Sir POSITIVE.

Pray, what's the matter? you surprize me.

BELFORD.

This letter; sir, will inform you.

Sir POSITIVE.

(*Reads.*) "My dear son, James has brought me the welcome news of your return, and has given me your letter; which has in some sort reviv'd my spirits in the extremity I am in. I daily expect my exit from this world: 'tis now six years since I have seen you; I shou'd be glad to do it once again before I die: If you will give me that satisfaction, you must be speedy. Heaven preserve you." (To Belford) 'Tis enough: the occasion I am sorry for; but since the ties of blood and

22 FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE.

and gratitude oblige you, far be it from me to hinder you. Farewell, my son; may you have a happy journey, and if it be heaven's will, may fight of so good a son revive so kind a father. I leave you to bid your wife adieu. [*Exit Sir Positive Sharp.*]

BELFORD.

I must leave you, my lovely bride; but 'tis with bitter pangs of separation. Had I your heart to cheer me on my way, I might, with such a cordial, run my course: But that support you want the power to give me.

LEONORA.

The sentiments I have for you are much more favourable than your jealousy suffers them to appear: but if my heart has seem'd to lean another way, before you had a title to it, you ought not to conclude I shall suffer it to do so long.

BELFORD.

I know you have virtue, gratitude, and truth; and, therefore, 'tis I love you to my ruin. Cou'd I believe you false, contempt wou'd soon release me from your chains, which yet I can't but wish to wear for ever; therefore, indulge at least your pity to your slave, 'tis the soft path in which we tread to love. I leave behind a tortur'd heart to move you. Farewel.

[*Exit Sir John Belford.*]

LUCY.

Now, by my troth, madam, I am ready to cry; he's a pretty fellow, and deserves better luck.

LEONORA.

I own he does; and his behaviour wou'd engage any thing, that were unengag'd. But alas! I want his pity, more than he does mine.

LUCY.

You do! now I'm of another mind. The moment he sees your picture, he's in love with you. The moment he's in love with you, he embarks; and, like lightning, in a moment more, he's here; where you are pleas'd to receive him with a—Mr. Lovewell, I am your's——Ah! poor man!

LEONORA.

I own, Lucy, he's unfortunate, but still I say my fate is harder yet: to be forc'd to the hard alternative of being either turn'd out of doors, or marrying the man I cannot love.

LUCY.

FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE. 23

LUCY.

(*Aside*) Were I in her case I'd find an expedient for all this matter—but she makes such a bustle with her virtue, I dare not propose it her—hark! somebody knocks!—'tis Mr. Lovewell, as I live.

LEONORA.

Let's begone. I must think no more of him. I must not speak with him. I am married to another.

LUCY.

Marry'd to another! well! married to another! why if you were married to twenty others one may give a gentleman a civil answer.

LEONORA.

Alas! what wouldst thou have me say to him?

LUCY.

Say to him! why one would find twenty things to say to a man. Say, that 'tis true you are married to another; and that—a—'twould be a sin to think of any body but your husband; and that you are of—a—timorous nature, and afraid of being damn'd if you do; and that you would not have him die neither; that—a—folks are mortal; some die old, and some young; and things come sometimes strangely about; and a widow's a widow, and if you was a widow—

LEONORA.

Peace, levity.—see who's at the door.

LUCY.

Who's there? (*Enter Lovewell*) Mr. Lovewell, madam.

LOVEWELL.

Is it you I see, my poor lost mistress! am I so happy once more to meet you where I so often have been blest!

LUCY.

Courage, madam! say something to him.

LEONORA.

Forbear, Mr. Lovewell, I must now think of you no more.

Farewel.

[*Exit* Leonora.]

LOVEWELL.

Yet hear me! cruel Leonora!

LUCY.

It must be another time then, for she's whipt off now. All the comfort I can give you, is, that I see she durst not trust herself any longer in your company.

LEO-

24 FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE.

LEONORA.

(Within) Lucy!

LUCY.

I come, I come, madam. — 'Pshaw, Mr. Lovewell, you don't attack her as you ought to do. I'll take care she shall take the first occasion she can to speak to you, and, when you meet, instead of being innocent and humble, be guilty and resolute. Your mistress is now married, sir, consider that; she has chang'd her situation, and you must change your battery. Attack a maid gently, a wife warmly, and be as rugged with a widow as you can. (Within. Lucy) I come, I come, madam.

LOVEWELL.

Farewel, Lucy. Continue my friend and you shall always find me your's.

(Exeunt severally.)

Enter PICKLE.

If I mistake not, there are a brace of lovers intend to take some pains about madam, in her husband's absence. Poor Sir John! well; methinks a man's in a very merry mood, when he marries a handsome wife. When I dispose of my person, it shall be to an ugly one. They take it so kindly, and are full of acknowledgement; watch you, wait upon you, nurse you, humour you, are so fond, and so chaste. Or, if the hussy has presumption enough to think of being otherwise, away with her into the mountains fifty miles off; no-body opposes. If she's mutinous, give her discipline; every body approves on't. Hang her, says one, he's kinder than she deserves; damn her, says another, why does not he starve her? But if she be handsome; ah! the brute, cries one; ah! the Turk, cries another; why don't she cuckold him, cries this fellow? why does not she poison him, says that? and away comes a packet of letters to advise her to it. — But enough; — 'tis now night, all's hush and still. Every body's a-bed, and what am I to do? why, as other trusty domestics, sit up to let the thief in. — But I suppose he won't be here yet. — With the help of a small nap before hand, I shall be in a better condition to perform the duty of a centinel when I go to my post. This corner will just fit me: Come Pickle, lie thee down; short prayers, and to sleep.

(Lies down.)

Enter

FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE. 25

Enter LUCY with a candle.

So ; I have put my poor lady to bed, with nothing but sobs, tears, sighs, and wishes, and a pillow to mumble instead of a bridegroom ; poor heart ! I pity her : but every one has their afflictions ; and, by the beard of my grandfather, I have mine. For I wonder, why this rascal Pickle, who now has been two hours in the family, has not yet thought it worth his while to make one amorous motion to me ! not that the blockhead's person has mov'd me ! but I am angry mine has not been able to move him. I fancy I must begin with the stupid fellow. My pride is piqu'd, and I must rouse the drone somehow.

[Pickle waking, and rubbing his eyes.]

PICKLE.

What a damn'd condition is that of a valet ? no sooner do I, in comfortable slumber, close my eyes, but methinks, my master's upon me with fifty slaps o' th' back, for making him wait i' th' street. I have his order to let him in here to-night, and so I had e'en—who's that——Lucy a caterwawling——like enough.——

LUCY.

The fellow's there——I had best not lose this occasion.

PICKLE.

(*Aside*) The slut's handsome——I begin to kindle ; but if my master shou'd be at the door——why there let him wait till the matter's over.

LUCY.

Shall I advance ?

PICKLE.

Shall I venture ?

LUCY.

How severe a look he has ?

PICKLE.

She seems very reserv'd.

LUCY.

If he shou'd put the negative upon me.

PICKLE.

She seems a woman of great discretion.

LUCY.

Hang it, I must venture.

E

PICKLE.

26 FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE.

PICKLE.

Faint heart never won fair a lady.

(*Aside.*)

LUCY.

Pickle!

PICKLE.

Lucy!

LUCY.

O dear heart! is't you?

PICKLE.

Charming Lucy! fear me not.

LUCY.

Oh! he begins to talk in raptures. I have him! ——— the fish is hook'd ———

(*Aside.*)

PICKLE.

Cruel Lucy; whose mouth (small as it is) has made but one morsel of my heart.

LUCY.

O rare!

PICKLE.

Barbarous Lucy, cast your eyes

On your poor Pickle, ere he dies.

LUCY.

Poetry too! nay then I have done his business.

PICKLE.

Feel how I burn with hot desire,

Than scalding lead more hot. Ah! quench my fire.

LUCY.

(*Aside*) Now to give myself airs. (*To him*) Why how now jackanapes, what encouragement have I given you that you shou'd attack me with your eyes and dies, your desires and your red hot fires? I cou'd tear your eyes out fellow for thinking I am such a ——— Pray, sir, what have you seen in my behaviour, what *indiscriminability impudence* that you shou'd think me fit for your beastly turn, you ninny goat you: I, for whom so many gentlemen employ their sighs in vain; shall I look upon such a thing as thou art? a crawling worm. ——— that wants to eat at a table wou'd set his master's mouth wat'ring.

PICKLE,

FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE. 27

PICKLE.

May I presume to make an humble meal upon what savoury remnants he may leave?

LUCY.

No.

PICKLE.

'Tis hard, 'tis wondrous hard.

LUCY.

Leave me.

PICKLE.

'Tis pitiful, 'tis wondrous pitiful.

LUCY.

Begone, I say.

(Exit Lucy.)

PICKLE.

Ha! Mrs. Flipflap, but hark'e! hark'e! Mrs Bounce, you are not so alluring as you think you are; she takes more state upon her than a lady-mayorefs upon his lordship's ball-night, an impudent, proud, conceited devil —— (*Knocking without*) Oons, now I talk of the devil, I believe there's my hopeful master,

ROVER.

(*Without*) Hift, hift.

PICKLE.

Here, here.

ROVER.

(*Without*) Open the door.

PICKLE.

Yes, fir——tread softly

ROVER.

Are they all asleep?

PICKLE.

Dead.

ROVER.

Enough. Shut the door.

PICKLE.

'Tis done.

ROVER.

Now be gone.

E 2

PICKLE

28 FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE.

PICKLE.

What ! shut the door first, and then begone ! now, methinks, I might as well have gone first, and then shut the door.

ROVER.

I bid you begone, you dog, do you find the way.

PICKLE.

(*Aside*) Stark mad ! and always so when a woman's in chase. But, sir, will you keep your chief minister out of the secrets of your state ? pray let me know what this night's work is to be.

ROVER.

No questions, but march. (*Pickle goes the door and returns*)

PICKLE.

But, sir, shall I stay for you in the street ?

ROVER.

No, nor stir out of the house.

PICKLE.

So : Well, sir, I'll do just as you have order'd me ; I'll begone, and I'll stay ; and I'll march, and I won't ; and —— just as you say, sir.

ROVER.

I see you are afraid, you rascal, you.

PICKLE.

Faith, may be so.

ROVER.

Well, be it so : but you sha'n't leave the house, sir : therefore begone to your hog-sbye, and wait further orders.

PICKLE.

But first I'll know how you intend to dispose of yourself. (*Aside*
[*Hides behind the door*])

ROVER *solus*.

All's hush, and still ; and I am at the point of being a happy—villain——that thought comes uninvited——then like an uninvited guest let it be treated : begone, intruder. Leonora's charms turn vice to virtue, treason into truth. We are all her due, mankind's the dower which heaven has settled on her ; and he's the villian that wou'd rob her of her tribute. I therefore, as in duty bound, will in and pay her mine.

PICKLE.

FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE. 29

PICKLE.

(*Aside*) There he goes, i' faith ; he seem'd as if he had a qualm just now ; but he never goes without a dram of conscience-water about him, to set matters right again.

ROVER.

This is her door ! 'tis lock'd ; but I have a smith about me will make her staple fly.

(*Aside*)

[*Pulls out irons, and forces the lock*]

PICKLE.

(*Aside*) Hark ! hark ! if he isn't equipt for a house-breaker too. Very well, he has provided two strings to his bow ; if he escapes the rape, he may be hang'd upon the burglary.

ROVER.

(*Aside*) There, 'tis done ; so ; (*Peeping into her chamber*) No watch light burning ! all in darkness ; so much the better, 'twill save a great deal of blushing on both sides. By your leave, Belford, I must supply your neglect. [*Exit into the chamber.*]

PICKLE *solus.*

(*Coming forward*) Well done, well done ; gad-a-mercy, my little judas. Unfortunate Belford, thou hast left thy purse in the hands of a robber ; and while thou art galloping to pay the last duty to thy father, he's at least upon the trot to pay the first to thy wife. Ah ! the traitor, what a dish of damnation will there be cook'd up for him ! but softly ; let's lay our ear to the door, and pick up some curiosities——I hear no noise——there's no light : we shall have him blunder where he shou'd not do by and by——commit a rape upon her tea table, perhaps, break all her china, and then she'll be sure to have him hang'd——but hark !——now I hear——nothing ; she does not say a word ; she sleeps curiously.——how if she shou'd take it all for a dream now ? or her virtue shou'd be fallen into an apoplex ? where the pox will this end ?

LEONORA.

(*Within*) Lucy ! Lucy ! father ! murder ! murder ! help ! help ! help !

PICKLE.

So——now the play begins——it opens finely.

LEONORA.

30 FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE.

LEONORA.

Father! father! save me! O! save me! *(Within)*

PICKLE.

Comedy, or tragedy, for a ducat. For fear of the latter, de-
camp Pickle. *(Exit)*

LEONORA.

(Within) whoever you are, villain, you sha'n't escape me; and,
tno' your efforts have been in vain, you sha'n't fail to receive
the recompence of your attempt. Help! ho! help!

(Rover breaks from her, and enters.)

ROVER.

(Aside) 'Sdeath I shall be undone; where is this damn'd door?

LEONORA.

(Within) He'll get away, a light there quickly.

Enter LOVEWELL, with his sword drawn.

LOVEWELL.

Where are you, fair angel? I come to lose my life in your de-
fence.

ROVER.

(Aside) That's Lovewell's voice: the devil has sent him: but
we are still in the dark; I have one scheme yet; impudence be
my aid.—Lights there, ho! where is the villain that durst at-
tempt the virtuous Leonora? his life shall make atonement; or
mine shall fall in his pursuit.

LOVEWELL.

'Tis by my hands that she shall see him die.

ROVER.

My sword shall lay him bleeding at her feet.

Enter LEONORA.

LEONORA.

What can this mean? but here are lights at last: thank the just,
bounteous heaven.

ROVER.

Enter with the light there; but secure the door, lest the traitor
'scape my vengeance.

Enter Sir JOHN BELFORD with a light, he finds
LEONORA between them, their swords drawn.

LEONORA.

O heavens! what is't I see!

ROVER.

FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE. 31

ROVER.

Sir John Belford here?

BELFORD.

What monstrous scene is this?

(Aside.)

LOVEWELL.

What accident has brought him here?

(Aside.)

ROVER.

Now I'm intrigu'd indeed.

(Aside.)

[Belford steps back, and shuts the door.]

BELFORD.

(Aside) This mystery must unfold before we part. What torments has my fate provided me? Is this the comfort I'm to reap, to dry my tears for my poor father's death *(To Leonora)* Ah! Leonora!

LEONORA.

(Aside) Alas! where will this end? *(Falling into a chair.)*

BELFORD.

Confusion sits in all their faces, and in large characters I read the ruin of my honour and my love. *(To the men.)* Speak, statues, if you yet have power to speak, why, at this time of night, you are found with Leonora?—none speak——Mr. Rover, it is from you I ought to know.

ROVER.

My silence may inform you.

BELFORD.

Your silence does inform me of my shame, but I must have some information more; explain the whole.

ROVER.

I shall. You remember, Sir John——

BELFORD.

Be quick.

ROVER.

You remember you charg'd me before you went——

BELFORD.

I remember well, go on.

ROVER.

With the care of your honour.

BELFORD.

I did; dispatch,

ROVER.

32 FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE.

ROVER.

Very well; you see Lovewell in this apartment, and you see me, with my sword in my hand; that's all.

BELFORD.

(Drawing upon Lovewell) 'Tis here then I am to revenge my wrongs.

LOVEWELL.

Hold.

BELFORD.

Villain, defend thyself.

LOVEWELL.

Yet hear me.

BELFORD.

What canst thou say?

LOVEWELL.

The truth. As heaven is my witness, I heard the shrieks and cries of Leonora; what the occasion was, I knew not; but she repeated them with so much vehemence, I found, whatever her distress might be, her succour must be sudden; so leap'd the wall that parts our houses, and flew to her assistance. Mr. Rover can, if he please, inform you more.

BELFORD.

(Aside) Mankind's a villain, and this may be true; yet 'tis too monstrous for a quick conception. I shou'd be cautious how I wrong my friend. Sure 'tis no right to ballance. I yet have but their words against their words. I know Rover for my friend, and Lovewell for my rival. What can be clearer? Yet hold; if Leonora's innocent, she may untangle all.—Madam, I shou'd be glad to know (if I have so much interest left) which way your evidence will point my sword.

LEONORA.

My lord, I am in the same perplexity with you. All I can say is this: One of them came to force me; t'other to save me: But the night confounded the villainy of the guilt with the generosity of the innocent. I am still ignorant to whom I owe my gratitude or my resentment.

LOVEWELL.

FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE. 33

LOVEWELL.

But, madam, did you not hear me say, I came to help you?

LEONORA.

I own it.

ROVER.

And did you not hear me threaten to destroy the author of your fears?

LEONORA.

I can't deny it.

LOVEWELL.

What can there be more to clear me?

ROVER.

Or me?

BELFORD.

Yet one's a villain still. (*Aside*) My confusion but increases; yet why confus'd? it is, it must be Lovewell. But how came Rover here? right. Lovewell has said how he came to her aid, but Rover cou'd not enter but by treason; then perish——

BOTH.

Who?

BELFORD.

Just heaven! instruct me who.

[Sir POSITIVE SHARP knocks.]

Sir POSITIVE.

Let me in, open the door.

(*Within*)

LEONORA.

'Tis my father.

BELFORD.

No matter, keep the door fast. (*Aside*) I'll have this matter go no further 'till I can reach the depth on't. Lovewell, leave the house; I must suspend my vengeance for a time.

LOVEWELL.

I obey you. But I'll lose my life, or shew my innocence.

[*Exit Lovewell.*]

Sir POSITIVE.

Open the door; why am I kept out?

(*Within.*)

BELFORD.

Rover, follow me by this back way, and you, Leonora, retire.

[*Exit one way, and Leonora another.*]

F

ROVER.

34 FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE.

ROVER.

(Following Belford) If Lovewell's throat were cut, wou'd not this bustle end?—Yes:—Why then if his throat be not cut, may this bustle end me [Exit Rover after Belford.

Enter Sir POSITIVE.

What the devil! all gone; what can be the meaning of all this bustle? I am resolv'd to find it. What a poor devil is a father! (Exit.

End of the FIRST ACT



A C T II.

S C E N E. LOVEWELL's Apartments.

LOVEWELL sitting alone.

WITH what rigour does this unfaithful woman treat me ? Is't possible it can be she who appear'd to love me with so much tenderness ? how little stress is to be laid upon a woman's heart ? sure they are not worth those anxious cares they give. [*Rising*] Then burst my chains, and give me room to search for nobler pleasure. Ho ! Stephen ! Guzzle ! who waits there ? bring some lights ! where are you ?

Enter GUZZLE drunk.

GUZZLE.

I can't well tell.——Do you want me, sir ?

LOVEWELL.

Yes, sir, I want you. Why am I left in the dark ? What were you doing ?

GUZZLE.

Doing sir !——I was doing——what one does when——when one sleeps, sir.

LOVEWELL.

Have you no light without ?

GUZZLE.

(*Yawning*) Light !——no sir !——I have no light——I am us'd to hardship. I can sleep in the dark.

LOVEWELL.

You have been drinking, you rascal, you are drunk.

GUZZLE.

I have been drinking, sir, 'tis true :——but I am not drunk, every man that is drunk, has been drinking ;——confess'd.——but every man that has been drinking, is not drunk ;——confess that too.

LOVEWELL.

Who is it has put you in this condition, you sot ?

36 FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE.

GUZZLE.

A very honest fellow. Madam Leonora's coachman. Nobody else.—I have been making a little debauch with madam Leonora's coachman. Yes.

LOVEWELL.

How came you to drink with him, beast?

GUZZLE.

Only for complaisance, fir.—the coachman was to be drunk upon madam's wedding; and I being a friend, was desired to take part.

LOVEWELL.

And so you, villain, you can make yourself merry with what renders me miserable?

GUZZLE.

No, fir, no:—'twas the coachman was merry; I drank with tears in my eyes. The remembrance of your misfortunes made me so sad—so sad—that every cup I swallow'd—was like a cup of poison to me.

LOVEWELL.

O! Leonora!

GUZZLE.

And to mortify myself upon melancholy matters, I believe I took down fifty, yes.—

LOVEWELL.

Go fetch some lights, you drunken sot you.

GUZZLE.

I will.—That's to say—If I can find the door—
(*Feeling for the door, and running against it*)—The devil's in the door; I think 'tis grown too little for me—shrunk this wet weather—I presume. [Exit Guzzle.]

LOVEWELL.

Absence, the old remedy for love, must e'en be mine: to slay, and brave the danger, were presumption: farewell England then, and farewell Leonora. And if thou can'st, my heart, redeem thy liberty; secure it by an eternal farewell to her-sex.

Enter GUZZLE with a candle; he falls down.

GUZZLE.

Here's light, fir.—so—

LOVE.

FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE. 37

LOVEWELL.

You foolish rascal, come no more in my sight.

[Exit angrily into another chamber.]

GUZZLE *solus.*

These boards are so uneven — (*Rising and feeling about for the candle.*) You shall see now I shall neither find the candle — nor the candlestick ; — it sha'n't be for want of searching however. — Oho ! have I got you. (*Takes up the candlestick*) enough — I'll look for your companion to-morrow — and since my master has banish'd me his sight, — I'll redeem by my obedience what I have lost by my debauch. I'll go sleep twelve hours in some hole, where the devil sha'n't find me.

[Exit.]

S C E N E changes.

Enter PICKLE.

Oho ! my good master Rover, you are mistaken in your man ; I am your humble valet, 'tis true, and I am to obey you : But when you have got the devil in your body, and are upon your rantipole adventures, you shall quixot it by yourself for Pickle. Yonder he is waiting for Lovewell, with a sword, a fathom and a half long ; a dagger for close engagement, and, if I don't mistake, a pocket-pistol for extraordinary occasions. I think I am not in the wrong to keep a little out of the way ; these matters will end at the Old Bailey, or I'm wrong in my foresight : Now that being a place where I am pretty well known, and not over-much reputed, I believe 'tis best neither to come in for prisoner, nor evidence — But hold ; yonder comes Sir John Belford, by all the powers ! What the pox does he here ? or what the pox do I here ? I'm sure as matters stand, I ought to fly him like a creditor ; but he sees me, 'tis too late to slip him.

Enter Sir JOHN BELFORD.

BELFORD.

In what distraction have I pass'd this night ? sure I shall never close my eyes again. No rack can equal what I feel, Wounded in both my honour and my love. — (*Seeing Pickle*) How now, Pickle ! where are you going ?

PICKLE.

38 FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE.

PICKLE.

I'm going, sir, I — — I'm going — — if you please, I am going about my business.

BELFORD.

From whence do you come? (*Aside*) This rascal may have borne some part in the late adventure. He's a coward; I'll try to frighten it out of him.

PICKLE.

Only, only, sir, from — — taking the air a little. I'm mightily muddled with a whur — — round about in my head for this day or two. I'm going home to be let blood as fast as I can, sir.

BELFORD.

Hold, sir, I'll let you blood here: (*Seizes Pickle by the collar, and draws*) Traitor, you're dead.

PICKLE.

Mercy, Sir John!

(*Kneels.*)

BELFORD.

Are you not a villain?

PICKLE.

Yes, if you please.

BELFORD.

Is there so great a one upon earth!

PICKLE.

With respect to my master, sir, no.

BELFORD.

Prepare then to die.

PICKLE.

Give me but time, and I will. But noble Sir John, just Sir John, generous Sir John, what is it I have done?

BELFORD.

What if you dare deny, I'll run my sword deep in your guts. Therefore take heed, and on thy life declare: did you not this last night open my doors to let in Mr. Lovewell?

PICKLE.

Mr. Lovewell, sir!

BELFORD.

Mr. Lovewell! yes, Mr. Lovewell, traitor.

ROVER.

Now may the sky crush me, and darkness overwhelm me, if I let in Mr. Lovewell.

BEL-

FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE. 39

BELFORD.

Who did you let in then? it wasn't your master sure! if it was him, you did your duty; I have no more to say.

PICKLE.

Why then, if I let in any body else, I'm a son of a whore (*Rises.*)

BELFORD.

Did he order you before hand, or did you do't upon his knocking?

PICKLE.

Why he, I'll tell you sir, he——pray put up that brilliant; it sparkles so in my eyes it almost blinds me. (*Belford puts up*) Thank you, sir.——Why sir, I'll tell you just now, how the matter was—but I hope you won't consider me as a party.

BELFORD.

Go on, thou art safe.

PICKLE.

Why then, sir, when (for our sins) you had left us, says my master to me, Pickle, say he, go and stay at old Sir Positive Sharp's house, till Sir John Belford returns, they'll pass thee for his servant, and think he has order'd thee to stay there; and then, says he, do'st hear, open me the door by Leonora's apartment to night, for I have a little business, says he, to do there.

BELFORD.

Perfidious wretch!

(*Aside.*)

PICKLE.

I was at first, indeed, a little wresty, and stood off, being suspicious, for I knew the man, that there might be some ill intentions; but he knew me too, takes me upon the weak side, whip'd out a damn'd long poker, and by the same means makes me do the thing, as you have made me discover it. (*Aside.*) There's no such thing as a poor devil's being honest since long swords and money came in fashion.

BELFORD.

'Then you let him in as he bid you.

PICKLE.

I did: if I had not, poor Pickle, by this time, had been meat for worms. Yes, I let him in.

BELFORD.

And what follow'd?

PICKLE

40 FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE.

PICKLE.

Sir.

BELFORD.

What follow'd?

PICKLE.

Why he follow'd.

BELFORD.

What?

PICKLE.

His inclinations.

BELFORD.

Which way?

PICKLE.

The old way. To a woman.

BELFORD.

Confound him!

PICKLE.

In short, fir, he got to madam's chamber, and before he had been there long (tho' you know, fir, a little time goes a great way in some matters) I heard such a clutter of small shot, murder, rape, fire, help, and so forth, that I thought the safest way was to sheer off. Now, fir, I presume you know what follow'd.

BELFORD.

Begone, you rascal.

PICKLE.

With the body and soul o'me.

(Exit Pickle.)

BELFORD.

I thank thee, heaven, at last for having pointed me to the victim I am to sacrifice.

Enter MARIA hastily.

MARIA.

O heavens! you can assist me, Mr. Belford.

BELFORD.

What's the matter, madam? can I serve you?

MARIA.

Mr. Rover's servant has left me a letter for my brother, which I have open'd? knowing there is an animosity of sometime between them.

BELFORD.

Well, madam!

MARIA.

FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE. 41

MARIA.

O dear it is a challenge; and what to do I know not. If I shew it my brother, he'll immediately fly to the place appointed; and, if I don't, he'll be accus'd of cowardice. One way I risque his life, t'other I ruin his honour.

BELFORD.

What wou'd you have me do, madam?

MARIA.

I only beg you'll go to the place where Mr. Rover expects him; tell him I have intercepted his letter, and make him promise you he'll send no more: by this generous charity you may hinder two men (whose piques are on a frivolous occasion) from murdering one another; and, by this good office, you'll repay the small debt you owe my brother, for flying last night to Leonora's succour; and doubly pay the obligation you have to me upon the same occasion.

BELFORD.

What obligation, madam? I am ignorant, pray inform me.

MARIA.

'Twas I, sir, that first heard Leonora's cries and rais'd my brother to her aid. Pray let me receive the same assistance from your prudence, which you have had from my care, and my brother's generosity;

BELFORD.

Madam, be at rest; I'll go this moment. I'll only ask you first whether you are sure you heard my wife cry out for succour before your brother pass'd the wall?

MARIA.

I did. Why do you ask the question?

BELFORD.

I have a reason you may be sure. (*Aside.*) Just heaven I adore thee; the truth at last shines clear, and, by that villain Rover, I am betray'd. But enough. I'll make use of this occasion for my vengeance. (*To Isab.*) Where, madam, is it Mr. Rover is waiting?

MARIA.

But here; in a small field behind the garden.

G

BELFORD.

42 FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE

BELFORD.

(*Aside.*) His blood shall recompence me for his treachery.

MARIA.

Will you go there directly?

BELFORD.

I will! be satisfied.

MARIA.

Heaven reward you.

[*Exit Maria.*]

Enter JAMES hastily.

JAMES.

Mr. Rover, sir, hearing that his man Pickle had betray'd his base designs upon my mistress, has taken post horses for Dover on his way to France; from whence, Pickle says, he intends never to return.

BELFORD.

Contempt, and shame go with him. Heavens! what a serpent have I foster'd in my bosom: but I'll think no more of him; let his guilt be his punishment.

Enter Sir POSITIVE SHARP, LEONORA, MARIA, LOVEWELL, LUCY, and PICKLE.

BELFORD.

I suppose, Sir Positive, that gentleman has inform'd you of his master's villainy, and escape from my resentment?

Sir POSITIVE.

He has.—he has been a wicked rogue, but promises amendment for the future.

PICKLE.

Indeed I will endeavour all I can. Had my master listen'd to the advice and admonition of his poor humble servant, this day of disgrace had never visited him.

BELFORD.

Mr. Lovewell, I beg your pardon; I thought you had injur'd me, but heaven has detected and expos'd the villain.

LOVEWELL.

Sir, I was conscious of my innocence, and was determin'd to do myself justice—but tho' I love Leonora, yet, as 'tis impossible she can ever be mine, I'll strive to forget her, and sincerely wish you all the joys of love and fortune. Sir

FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE. 43

Sir POSITIVE.

Why, that's well said ; let's in and take a chearful glass, and drown the remembrance of our lost friends, and drink to their speedy reformation. Adod, my heart's so light, that I think I cou'd kick up a riot with e'er a young blood or buck of them all. What say you to a dance ?

BELFORD.

By all means. Come, madam, my honour now is satisfied, and, if you please, my love may be so.

LEONORA.

If it is not,

You, to yourself alone, shall owe your smart,

For where I've given my hand, I'll give my heart.

[A Dance.]

F I N I S.

